

Millan
Damon and Phillida;

A New BALLAD

O P E R A.

As it is Acted by a

Company of COMEDIANS

A T

TOTTENHAM-COURT Fair.



L O N D O N:

Printed by *W. R.* for *J. Millan*, at *Charing-Cross*;
H. Cook in *Fleet-street*; *H. Harris* near *Temple-*
Bar; and Sold by the Bookfellers of Town and
Country. M DCC XXXI.



The P E R S O N S.

A R C A S, a Nobleman of great Possessions in
Artadia.

Æ G O N, his Friend.

C O R Y D O N, an old Shepherd.

C I M O N and M O P S U S, Simple Brothers, in Love
with *Phillida.*

D A M O N, an Inconstant.

P H I L L I D A, Daughter to *Corydon.*



D A M O N



DAMON and PHILLIDA.

ACT I.

ARCAS and ÆGON.

ÆGON.



HIS way I see old *Corydon* advancing:
He comes, by my Appointment, to
complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his
Daughter,

And hopes that your Authority will right him.

Arc. 'Tis true, somewhat of this I've heard.

Æg. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

*Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon,
and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands and Flocks—

Arc. ——— Good Neighbours, welcome:
What seems amiss that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to
speak it,

But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage.
And that she might not die a Maid, un-ask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dowr', at present; at my Death, the rest.

'Tis

4 *DAMON and PHILLIDA;*

'Tis true, 'tis little ; but still the Half is Half.
Now here, so please you, I have found her out
A pair of wholesome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*:
Their Means and Manners suit her Breeding well,
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Cim. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.
[*Half crying.*

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arc. A little Patience, Friend——

Mop. ————— Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!
That Fool (my Brother)'s always in the wrong!

Cor. Fy, fy, *Mopsus*, now thou art worse than he.

Arc. On with thy Tale——

Cor. ————— Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,
Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief;
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.
And why? because, forsooth! she loves another.
But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus:
This pranking gamefome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs and Gambols has I think bewitch'd her.
His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,
And all the idle Day they toy and sing together.

Cim. Ay so they do, an' please you——

Cor. ————— Nay, nay, *Cimon*!

Cim. Well, well! I've done; but I'm sure it's
true tho'——

Cor. So nothing now will go down with her but
Damon.

And what will *Damon* do; Why, ruin her.
The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth
Has little Hope to scape being made his Breakfast:
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father! [Weeps.

Now, good my Lord, 'tis true you're not our King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.

But

But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Man was branded here, that scorn'd your Pleasure.
And the great Good you do us every Day
Will make your Word go farther than a Law:
So if your Pity think my Case is hard,
I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom,
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's
Sorrow.

Arc. O *Ægon*! how affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity——The honest Wretch,
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will serve thee.
But hear we now what others may reply.

Damon, thou'ast heard this good old Man's Complaint;
Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Lads no harm, not I:
'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do
Some twenty others; and twenty others may
Have all the same Demand to marry me.
But, 'las-a-day! tho' Kissing goes by Favour,
A Man can't marry every Girl he kisses:
Were that a Claim, then she that first was kiss'd
Should first be married; so I hope, my Lord,
I shall not be found to do One right, in wrong
To Hundreds that should come in turn before her.

Æg. Sirrah! thou makest thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Dam. Not so hard, good Master; for Maids
sometimes
Are slippery Bits, as well as we: and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but sorry Sport a shooting.

Æg. Knave! thou'rt a Nuisance; all thy Neigh-
bours note thee
For a Poacher; When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-strings around the Country.

Arc. Gently, *Ægon*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his Thoughts.
Well

Well, *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon*?
What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

Dam. Why, let the Damsel please herself, my Lord;
If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.
If to make Life a Frolick—Here's her Man.

There's no great Hardship where the Will is free:
As she must first consent before she kisses,
I hope she'll first have mine before I marry:

For tho' some Men have hang'd themselves for Maids,
Yet I have known my Betters think a Wife
The worst of Halter; so whate'er betide me,
I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence.

Arc. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride a Punishment?

Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still.
And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

A I R I.

*The Man, for Life,
That takes a Wife,
Is like a thousand dismal Things;
A Fox in Trap,
Or worse, may hap;
An Owl in Cage, that never sings.*

*Dull from Morn to Night,
He hates her Sight,
Yet he, poor Soul! must endure it.
Bed of Thorns!
Head of Horns!
Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.*

II.

*A Bull at Stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong!
Like Dog and Cat,
Or Puss and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.*

But

But the Man that's free
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's tasting :
Never cloy
With his Joys ;
Day or Night,
New Delight
Is only lasting.

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him falsely ;
He owns himself more wicked than I spoke him.

Arc. 'Tis true, as such we shall consider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propose
[To Cim. and Mop.

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mold.
There stands the Maid, if you have ought to urge
That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,
Take this Occasion to avow your Love:
You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I ha' no heart to speak;
She flouts and glouts at me from Morn to Night.
See how she looks now! 'cause she can't avoid me.

Art. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden
Shyness.

Cim. D'ye think so, Sir? Why then I will take
heart.

If an old Song will do the thing, have at her.

A I R II.

There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,
Would be blest as I,
O could you but, could you but, on me smile:
But you appear
So severe,
That trembling with Fear,
My Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, all the
When I cry, [while.
Must I die?

You

DAMON and PHILLIDA;

*Tou make no Reply,
But look shy,
And, with a scornful Eye,
Kill me with your Cruelty:
How can you be, can you be,
How can you be, so hard to me?*

Ah! poor Cimon, thou art ne'er the nearer:
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move
her. [Crying.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad, tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Arc. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to Mopsus.

Æg. Come, Mopsus, now for thee, thy Heart
seems chearfull.

Mop. Ay, 'twas always so; I love to laugh,
Let things go how they will; why let her frown!
As long as Cimon's us'd as ill as I,
It gives one's Mind a little Ease however:
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at.
So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
'Twill be but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R III.

*When Phillida milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Ferk, and a Ferk in!
Thy whiter Bosom too so heav'd,
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd
With a Fit of Laughing!
I could not hold from laugh—ing!
Half out, and half in!
Oh! to see them fall and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died with laughing,
With laugh—ing.*

Æg.

[Æg. Well said, *Mopsus*! Thou sing'st it from thy Heart,

And 'tis a merry one——

Mop. —— Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words

To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to

Arc. An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend, Let us enquire into thy Daughter's Heart; For that must guide us——

Cor. —— *Phillida*, come near.

Arc. Well, my fair Maid, is there within my Power Ought that may contribute to thy Happiness? Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse, Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord, I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game: I know my Father's Kindness means me well, And I could wish I had the Power to please him; But I am loth to lead a savage Life:

And sure, these Lads were woeful Company.

Cim. O scornful Maid! My Heart will burst with Grief.

[Cries.

Mop. Hoh, hoh! Poor *Cimon*'s in a bitter taking.

[Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse from such Extreame of Folly.

Damon, with all his Infidelities,

Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible:

And I am more than much afraid I love him.

'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless;

And I have tried a thousand thousand times

To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do.

Whene'er my Heart is open, in he comes;

Again submits, and is again forgiven;

Again I love, and am again forsaken;

Yet still he fools me on, and when he's absent,

With Sighs and Songs I thus relieve my Folly.

AIR IV.

*What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free;
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
 Still, still he's the Man.
 They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear:
 When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can
 [fear?
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still——still he's the Man.*

II.

*I caught him once making love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could
 So civil a Man? [upbraid
 The next Day I found to a Third he was
 [kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still——still he's the Man.*

III.

*All the World bids me beware of his Art:
 I do what I can;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man:
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
 Who can do more than they can?
 He——still is the Man.*

*Arc. Take Comfort, Corydon; all yet may
 mend:*

*Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
 Persuades me of her guarded Innocence.
 And though licentious Damon may deserve
 Severe Reproof; yet for the Maiden's sake
 (For what he suffers her fond Heart will feel)
 We will not harden him by Punishment,
 But rather tempt him, by Reward, to Virtue.
 Of this bad matter make we then the best.*

IF

If therefore, *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woo,
And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,
The Dowry, which her kind Father has declar'd,
My self will double on her Marriage-day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

Cor. May all the Gods preserve the bounteous
Arcas.

A double Portion! Now, my honest Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts.
Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow.
Now sing and dance her down to your Desires.
Now, *Phyllida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love and Honesty have gain'd by Truth;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon*, now's our Time.

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted; my poor Hopes
Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty.

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou see'st he
knows

No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Cim. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well said, my Boy: Ah! this joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry pin;
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweet-
heart.

A I R V.

When I follow'd a Lass, that was froward and shy,
O! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply,
O! I took her so lovingly round the Waste,
And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast.

When hugg'd, and ball'd,

She squeal'd, and squall'd;

And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain,

Tet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again,

Tet I pleas'd, &c.

*Then boity toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her Gown upon the Grass;
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.*

Arc. Well done my merry Heart, Come, *Corydon*,

Now let us leave these Lovers free to woo,
And he that first subduing, and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dower,
In farther Token of my Love, my self
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Æg. Now for the Garland——

Mop. —— Live the noble *Arcas*.
[*Ex. Arcas and Ægon severally.*

Cor. —— Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd; let him but wear
The Willow, I'll jump into my Grave
With Joy —— [Exit *Cor.*

Dam. —— So now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again,
This double Dower, no doubt, will turn her Brain,
And set the Windmill of her Sex a going. [*Aside.*

Mop. Now, *Cimon*, now!

Cim. —— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder——

Cim. —— But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still silent, no kind Offer yet from *Damon*?
Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart? [*Aside.*

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone——

Mop. —— Well then be sure you back me.

A I R VI.

*Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?*

Cim. Faith and Troth, I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.

Mop.

Mop. Of us Boys,
 Cim. Take thy Choice!
 Mop. Here's a Heart —
 Cim. ——— And here's a Hand too.
 Mop. His, or mine,
 Cim. All is thine.
 Both — Body and Goods at thy Command too.

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
 Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd.

A I R VII.

While you both pretend a Passion,
 'Twould be cruel to chuse either;
 To preserve your Inclination,
 I must kindly fix on neither.
 To be just,
 I now must
 Make your's and your's be equal Cases;
 Therefore pray,
 From this Day,
 I never may behold your Faces.

Now be silent; if *Damon* is inclin'd
 To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

Mop. Well, let him speak; mayhap your Face
 May get as little good from him, as ours
 From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you.
 Don't cry, *Cimon*, it only makes her prouder.

Cim. She has given me such a kick o'the Heart,
 I shall never recover it —

Phil. ——— Hark thee, *Cimon*,
 I like thee better than thy Brother far.

Cim. O the Gracious! do you truly and truly?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant; take him
 hence,
 And keep him from my Sight an Hour at least:
 And when thou seest me next, come thou without
 him.

Cim.

14. DAMON and PHILLIDA;

Cim. Give me thy Hand on't—

Phil. — Hush, not now, they'll see us.

Away with him—

Cim. — A Word's enough — I'll do't.

Come, *Mopsus*, come away — for I have a thing,
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy—

Mop. — What ails

The Fool? Thou'rt mad.

Cim. Mad! Ay, and so would you

Be too, were my Case your's: But come away.

Mop. Nay, not so fast, good *Cimon*—

Cim. — Faster, *Mopsus*, faster.

[*Cimon hurries off Mopsus.*]

Dam. My charming Creature! this was kindly
done:

Never was Favour to a Fool so well
Dissembled.—

Phil. — Yes, I have learn'd from you dissem-
bling;

And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Dam. Why so suspicious, *Phillida*? Don't I love
thee?

Why all this bustle at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, *Damon*, Lips are but liquorish Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R VIII.

Dam. — Away with Suspicion,
That Bane to Desire;

The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies:

The Rules of Discretion

But stifle the Fire;

On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,

Lest the Lover dissemble

His Fire?

Turtles that moo,
Bill and coo:
While we enjoy
We must be true;
And to repeat it is all,
All we can desire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart
Thou know'st I love, and therefore would'st undo
me. [secure thee.

Dam. I know thou lov'st, and therefore would

A I R IX.

Phil. — While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say.
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying, [Day,
Call first the Priest, and name the
Then, then name the Day.

Lasses are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest:
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your best.
Then, then bill your best.

Dam. What! not a Hand, a Lip, for old Ac-
quaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole?

Dam. No, Damon; now 'tis time to end our
Fooling:

Consent to wed me, or forbear to love,

Dam. What! dost thou think to starve me into
Marriage?

Phil.

Phil. I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy Falshood.
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded while I
can leap

[graze on:

A Hedge; so keep your Grass for Calves to
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame;
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do leave me, do, and prove thyself a
Faithless, inhuman *Damon*—

[Traitor;

Dam. ——— Might well.

This double Dour', I find, has turn'd thy Brain;
And thou would'st make me madder than thyself:
A Husband, Death! a Mill-horse! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life?
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow still
To plod the Path I trod the Day before.

O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders.

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate
thee.

[your Mind:

Dam. I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches.
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I; and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R X.

Dam. I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the Plains.

Phil. I'll starve my Love, and rather part
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Dam. The Frowns of this, I ne'er take ill;
Where one denies, there's two that will.

Phil. Since Maids by Kindness are undone,
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.

Dam. No frozen Lads shall hold me long.

Phil. No Swain that's false my Love shall wrong.

Dam. Farewel, farewell—'tis time to part.

Phil. Thus from thy Hold I tear my Heart.

Both. Farewel, farewell, &c.

A C T



A C T II.

D A M O N Solus.

A I R I.

*Around the Plains my Heart has rov'd;
 The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd;
 The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd;
 And kindly fill'd my Arms.
 I danc'd, I sang, I talk'd, I toy'd;
 While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
 And e'er the Kind, with Kinaneſs cloy'd,
 The Coy reſign'd her Charms.*

*But now, alas! thoſe Ways are done;
 The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
 Who like a frighted Bird is flown,
 Yet leaves her Image here.
 O! could I yet her Heart recal,
 Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
 And, for his ſake, forſaking all,
 Would fix for ever there.*

*Could I have ever thought to have ſeen this Day?
 That I ſhould fold my Arms, and ſigh for one,
 Nay, one that in her turn has ſigh'd for me,
 And only could ſubdue me by her Parting!
 How could the Gypſy muſter ſuch a Spirit?
 The Pertneſs of her Pride has ſo provok'd me,
 I ſhall never reſt in my Bed, 'till ſhe
 Lies by me — Here ſhe comes, and with her
 — ha!*

C

Her

Her Father! soft—I am out of Favour there.
Lie close awhile, and mark what Nail's a driving.
[Retires.]

Enter Corydon, with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him——

Phil. —— That's hard.

Is't not enough to see him not?

Cor. —— I say,

Avoid him, as the wildest Beast of Prey.

He uses Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf

In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,

Can make more havock than that wicked Rogue

Among the Wenches Hearts——

Dam. —— That must be me.

[Behind.]

But what says *Phillida*?

Phil. —— Suppose this true;

Yet could he still be wrought to marry me?

Cor. My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love.

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart.
And till you drive him thence——

Phil. —— I strive to do it;

And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R II.

A thousand Ways to wean my Heart

I've try'd, yet can't remove him;

And though for Life I've sworn to part,

For Life I find I love him.

Still, should the dear false Man return,

And with new Vows pursue me,

His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,

And still, I fear, undo me.

Cor. Consider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopjus*,)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, Father, so should you;
As a low Fortune with a Man I love

Can't

Can't make me rich, Riches with a Man
I hate can't make me happy——

Dam. —— Gallant Girl!

O! I could eat thy very Lips, that spoke it.

[*Behind.*

Cor. See, yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;
A little Love endur'd may teach the Boy
In time to please thee——

Phil. —— Well, since you desire it.
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too;
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart, I'll
send him. [Exit.

Dam. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my
own.

To her *Cimon* singing.

A I R III.

Cim. Behold and see thy wounded Lover,
Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
O let my Tears, at length, discover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart.

Phil. Were in the World no Man but *Cimon*,
None of the Female Kind but I,
With me should end the Name of Woman,
With thee the Race of Man should die.

Cim. O cruel Sound? false-hearted *Phillida*!
Didst thou not say, thou loved'st me better than
My Brother *Mopsus*?——

Phil. —— Yes, but 'twas,
As of two Evils I would chuse the least;
Stay till I'm bound to chuse, and then reproach me.
Thy crying makes me laugh, his laughing makes
Me sleep——There's all the hopeful difference.

A I R IV.

Cim. *O what a Plague 'is Love,
 I cannot bear it:
 What Life so curst can prove,
 Or Pain come near it?
 When I would tell my Mind,
 My Heart misdoubts me;
 Or when I speak, I find
 With Scorn she routs me.
 In vain is all I say,
 Her Answer still is nay:
 O dismal, doleful Day!
 Phillida flouts me.*

Enter Mopius singing.

A I R V.

Mop. *Ab! poor Cimon! Dud a cry?
 Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida?
 To treat him so scornfully,
 Shamefully, mournfully!
 Phillida fy!*

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!
 Simpleton, Paperskull! I for ever shall
 Think thee far the greater Fool;
 Therefore will give thee cause
 With him to cry.*

Cim. *Toll! loll! loll! doll! — Now I pray,
 Who has cause most to cry, ab! well-a-day!*

Mop. *What care I? why let her scoff,
 I can laugh; play her off, better than you.*

Cim. *Ab! poor Mopius, thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I say, you're a greater Owl.*

Cim. *Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.*

Mop. *What's a Lye?*

Cim. — — — *That's a Lye!*

Mop. *I say, 'tis true.*

A I R

A I R VI. [The A I R changes.]

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies,
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too;
Did ever a Brace of such Boobies
The Lafs that detests them pursue?*

Mop. *How! ———*

Phil. *——— Go! ———*

Cim. *——— Ob! I am ready to faint;
How are you? [To Mopsus.]*

Mop. *Why truly she treats us but so so.
For my part, I think she's a Devil:
A Woman would scorn for to do so.*

Cim. *O Fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

Phil. *Prepare then to hear my last Sentence:
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance:
And want for my Bantling a Father.
Go!*

Cim. *—— Ob! Woe! I'm ready to faint;*

Mop. *And I too.*

*Was ever a Slut so inhuman?
Odzooks! let us take down her Mettle.*

Cim. *I dare not —*

Mop. *—— Let me come; Pshaw waw, Man,
She only has water'd a Nettle.*

*In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen;
For one of us two you must now chuse.*

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on,
And you --- are the Fool I refuse.*

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.]

Cim. *Wounds!*

Cim. and Mop. *Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*

Phil. *If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.*

When

When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents himself to Phillida, singing.

A I R VII.

Dam. ——— See! behold, and see,
*With an Eye kind and relenting,
 Damon now repenting,
 Only true to thee;
 Content to love, and love for Life.*

Phil. ——— If you, now sincere,
*With an honest Declaration,
 Mean to prove your Passion,
 To the Purpose swear,
 And make at once a Maid a Wife.*

Dam. ——— Thus, for Life, I take thee,
*Never to forsake thee:
 Soon or late
 I find our Fate
 To Hearts astray
 Directs the Way,
 And brings to lasting Joys the Rover home.*

Phil. ——— Ever kind and tender,
*Conquer'd, I surrender:
 Prove but true,
 As I to you,
 Each kindling Kiss
 Shall yield a Bliss,
 That only from the constant Lip can come.*

A I R VIII.

Dam. *To the Priest away, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands and Hearts united.*
Phil. *To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouse,
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.*
Dam. *If I never could fix,
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
Who easily yielding, were easy to cloy.*
Both. *But in Love we still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In One, only One, is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.*

F I N I S.



PM.LZ
P+C
1948

A. A. Ballou O. P. R. A.

A I R V I I I

To the first army, to bind our towns,
With our Huns and Huns united.
To reduce the Roman to longish spans,
Is a triumph, my heart has delighted.
If I never could fix,
I was the result of the day.
Who easily yielding, were easy to day.
But in love we will find,
When the Huns will incline,
In One, only One, is the joy.
But in love, we

32

F I N I S

